

Ferlies

Oot the ferlies loup
in colours bricht as bluid
ilk ane a leamin starn
ti bricht the daurklin clood
or levin flaucht ti turn
mirk midnight intil noon.
Claucht thaim fairly as thay birl
and weave thaim in a sang.
A joyous hymn ti day new born
ti gar the heivins ring.

The Wershest Tear

Sittan, midnight quaiet
in a place whaur memories
hae sic shalla ruits
wonderan whit wey I'm here,
sae faur frae whaur
I ettled, aye, ti be.

Thon's the ache
that has nae sowtheran.
The worm in the hairt
that feeds on brucken dwaums,
ambeitions unfulfilled.

This, the wershest tear.
The ane that's niver shed.
That seips intil the hairt
and gars the bluid rin cauld.

Naethin Bides True

The past's an oorrie kintra
whaur naethin bides true.
Memory plays tricks,
and exploration can be
a flegsum and thenkless darg.

When I gaed back ti see again
thon toon that I had left
auld sichts had gaen.
Hale streets juist disappeared
and whit still stuid
seemed smaa and cauld and shabby
lik sum sair trauchelt body
wha didnae recognise, faur less gie welcum,
ti her ain returnin son.

Here and thare new biggins stuid.
Concrete and gless glisteran
in a stare o cauld disdain.
Brent new patches on a beggar's coat.
Makan the auld luik aulder yet.

The tenement, o my box-bed birth
was aye thare yet but, chynged.
The close mou's open welcum
noo locked ahint a muckil door.

I screivit, aince, a fear that hame
micht be a place I'd only veisit.
Noo that fear is realised and my hame
lies buiriet in Wellhaa..
Stane and sclate, juist empty shells
whaur even memories dee.

George Hardie